

# The Middlebury Register.

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## THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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COBB & MEAD,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

JESSE COBB, JR., EDITOR.

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V. B. PALMER is agent for this paper in

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN W. STEWART,

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

CALVIN G. TILDEN,

Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

Office, in the Engine Building, 20

Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856.

CHARLES L. ALLEN, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon.

Having resigned his Professorship in the

Medical College, and also having terminated his

engagement with Middlebury College, will give his

personal attention to his profession.

Office—Those established by the American Com-

pany Medical Society.

Office at his residence, first house North of

the Congregational Meeting House.

Middlebury, Nov. 26, 1856.

A. H. COPELAND,

Books, Stationery, Magazines,

Newspapers, and Cheap Publications,

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S. HOLTON, JR.,

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of the manufacturer, he is personally warranted

all instruments which he sells, and guarantees

perfect satisfaction. In some cases at least,

it is better for purchasers than to buy of those

persons who are entirely ignorant of the structure

and use (as well as the value) of the instruments

they sell.

Sheet Music, Music Books, and any musical

merchandise furnished at short notice.

March 30, 1857.

GEORGE M. BROWN,

TAILOR.

Inform his friends and customers, that he

has opened a shop in Stewart's building over

the store of R. L. Follen, where he will attend

to all business in his line.

Cutting done to suit customers.

Wanted—a good Journeyman.

Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856.

EDWARD MUSSEY

Respectfully informs the people of this

county and the public at large, that he has

taken the

ADDISON HOUSE.

In Middlebury, for a term of years. He in-

tends to keep a first rate house, and hopes

by strict attention to the wants of his guests

and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share

of the public patronage.

Middlebury, May 21, 1856.

MIDDLEBURY

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE

AND

IRON STORE.

JASON DAVENPORT.

Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

IRON, STOVES, HARDWARE

CUTLERY, &c., &c.

Middlebury, Vermont.

Elegant Illustrated National Works.

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Johnson to Scott. Illustrated with an im-

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be published in 48 fortnightly parts, at 25

cents each. Monthly Parts 50 cents.

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containing 70 Maps drawn and engraved from

the best authorities, with descriptions and

statistics of all nations to the year 1856. To

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Griswold. To be published in 21 semi-

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the most distinguished persons of all times.

Illustrated with 600 engravings and steel

plates. To be published in fortnightly Parts,

25cts. each.

DRED, A Tale of the Great Slave Ship

by Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle

Tom's Cabin. Two vols. 12mo. Boston

Price \$1.50. Portraits of Fremont, size 25X

34. Price 25cts. plain and color, colored.

Portraits of Florence and Burnside, plain

\$1.00, colored \$1.50.

Persons desirous of subscribing for

any of the above mentioned books, will

please apply to the publisher.

W. S. MARTIN.

Williamstown, Vt.

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY in Rutland and

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AGENT FOR THE SALE OF THE

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS. The best works of

art ever published. Some but good, reliable

men wanted. Those who have had experience in

the business preferred. A liberal per centage al-

lowed, or a monthly salary given. For full pa-

rticulars, enquire of

W. S. MARTIN.

Williamstown, Vt.

CAUTION. GURLEY of the Trustees of Lake

Umbagog, by D. P. HARRIS, Author of

the "Great Middlebury Boy," "Lake Umbagog,"

&c., 1 Vol. 12 mo. Price \$1. For sale at

COPELAND'S NEWS ROOM

April 23, 1857.

GEMS OF BEAUTY—Price 5 Cts. Per

Foot Melodious.

## POETRY.

The following clever bit copied from an English

newspaper, will be relished by most of the editorial

corps, and a majority of their readers.

Papa, What is a Newspaper, and

what does it contain?

Organs, that gentlemen play, my boy.

To answer the taste of the day, my boy.

Whatever it be,

They hit on the key.

And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

News from all countries and climes, my boy.

Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boy.

Mixed up with all sorts

Of lying reports,

And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles able and wise, my boy.

At least to the editor's eyes, my boy.

And logic so grand

That few understand

To what in the world it applies, my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy.

Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy.

And lengthy debate

Upon matters of state,

For wise headed folks to peruse, my boy.

The funds as they were and they are, my boy.

The quibbles and quips of the bar, my boy.

And every week

A clever critique

On some rising theatrical star, my boy.

The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy.

The stonings of somebody's spoons, my boy.

The state of the crops,

The style of the fops,

And the wit of the public bullion, my boy.

List of all physical life, my boy.

Reminded by somebody's pills, my boy.

Till you ask with surprise

Why any one dies,

Or what's the disease that kills, my boy.

Who has got married, to whom, my boy.

Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy.

Who has had birth

On this sorrow-strewn earth,

And that totters fast to the tomb, my boy.

The price of cattle and grain, my boy.

Directions to dig and to mine, my boy.

But 'twould take me too long

To tell you in song

A quarter of all they contain, my boy.

What Makes a Man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,

Full of affection for his kind,

A spirit firm, erect and free,

That never basely bends the knee,

That will not bear a feather's weight

Of slavery's chain, for small or great.

That never makes a league with sin;

That keeps the letters despatch make,

And loves the truth for its own sake,

That worships God and him alone,

And loves no more than at his throne.

That counts at no tyrant's nod,

A soul that fears no one but God,

And does not smile at curse or ban;

That is the soul that makes a man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Serving a Subpoena.

It is singular what shifts love will

make to accomplish its objects. Both

gates and bars are of little avail against

Cupid's lock hard contrivances—his cunning

will devise ways and means to open

them all. A young gentleman has court-

ed a fair damsel of this city and it was

supposed that two in time would "be-

come one." Some little quarrel of a

trivial nature, as lovers' quarrels gener-

ally are, occurred—Neither would con-

cess the wrong to be on their side—pre-

sents and correspondence were mutually

sent back and the match was broken off.

The young gentleman immediately start-

ed off to New Orleans, to enter into

commercial business, thinking that dis-

sance would lessen the attachment he re-

ally felt for the young lady.

When the woman is injured, or thinks

she is injured, by the one she loves, she

is more apt than the male sex "to bite

off her own nose," as the saying is to in-

fect pain, and be revenged on the offend-

ing object. A gentleman that the young

lady had once rejected renewed his pro-

posals and was accepted within a week

after he had embarked for the South.

On reaching New Orleans he

found that distance, instead of weaken-

ing his attachment, only made the lady

dearer, and he became melancholy and

low spirited. The first letter he re-

ceived from New York from a friend of

his, announced that his old flame was to

be shortly married to another. His

course was quickly taken—the next

morning was seen on board a packet-ship

bound for Gotham.

The passage unfortunately was long,

and the poor fellow chafed and fretted

so much, that the passengers began to

think him deranged or else a fugitive

escaping from justice. The instant the

vessel touched the wharf he darted for

the office of his friend the lawyer. It

is to be supposed that the latter was

much surprised to see his friend, imag-

ining him a couple of thousand miles

away. After the usual salutations, he

exclaimed:—

"My dear fellow, you are in time to

see the wedding. Miss—your old

sweet heart is to be married this morn-

ing, at eleven o'clock. To tell you the

truth, I don't believe there is much love

about it, and the girl really thinks more

of one fair of your head than the fortu-

nate bridegroom's whole body."

"Good Heaven! Where is she to be

married—in church?"

"No, at her father's house."

"My dear fellow—I—I—yes—no—

yes, I will have it. Have you any case

coming on in either of the courts at 11

o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Then fill up a subpoena with the

bridegroom's name. Don't stop to ask

any questions. It matters not whether

he knows any thing about the parties in

suit. By Heaven! Julia shall be mine!"

His friend saw the object at once, and

promised to carry on the matter. The

subpoena was made out and placed in the

hands of a clerk to serve on the unusu-

ally peevish bridegroom the instant he should

leave his residence, and was dispatched in

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